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DEBORAH sat on a rock and looked out gloomily across the tumbling gray waste that was the Atlantic ocean. If she could only see, across those dull, gray waves and white caps, through the fog and clouds, if she could only see far enough! Somewhere, to the east, was England—her England!

England, with its great trees, its hedge-rows, its smooth green lawns, its substantial brick houses! England, with gay dresses, laughter, and coaches in the streets! Warm, summer days, and boats on the river; winter, with Christmas, and the waits singing and holly in all the halls!

Back of Deborah was the forest, dark and menacing. There was a little clearing there, and clustered closely together, for comfort as well as protection, were a few rough, shabby little houses. No gaiety here, no laughter; only the bitter pull for existence that every member of the little colony who could work had learned this last year.

Deborah looked down at her own hands; once they had been her pride, so soft and white had they been; now they were rough and dark. They bore the scars of her long struggle with the weeds in the garden; of her trips to the forest to bring home bark and wood; of her adventures in the field of cookery; for Deborah Kent was one of the little band of Pilgrims who had reached the gloomy, inhospitable Massachusetts shore nearly a year before. That year had brought to Deborah many changes and many sorrows. Her father, a man of means and education, had joined the band of Pilgrims because he could not bear the intolerance of the world he had left behind

Deborah Sees the Light

By Isabel Neill



From painting by J. L. J. Ferris

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

him. With what high hopes they had started! Father Kent had told his wife, Deborah and small Robert of the world before them; a strange, new world, surely, but one that promised them so much joy and freedom. They would carve out a home in the wilderness, Father Kent had said. They would set aflame the beacon of freedom there that all the weary, enslaved and embittered folk of the world might see it and flock there.

It had seemed like a glorious adventure then. It was only after they were on the *Mayflower*, during those long, tossing weeks on the stormy Atlantic that Deborah began to realize what that adventure might mean; that it would not all be glamour and glory. Then there was the landing, that drizzly, damp December day at Plymouth Rock. Deborah was never to forget it; the grim, forbidding stretch of coast, the black forest behind it, the beating pelt of the rain, the scream of the winds. They had been forced back to the boat for shelter.

The following morning Father Kent and the other men had bravely gone ashore and started cutting down the logs and throwing together shelters. Into these rude huts the families crowded. The *Mayflower* sailed back to England, and many eyes were bright with tears as they watched her departing sails on the horizon.

The horror of that first winter! The bitter cold, so different from the bracing chill of the English winter; the heavy snows; sickness, death, hunger—all of them wore at the faith of the little band. As their numbers diminished, their faith increased. There was hardly a family in the settlement that had not

lost a member that winter. The Kents felt their loss most deeply, for the father had died just before spring and better times came on. The stricken family bowed to the will of the Lord, but Deborah felt in her heart that she could never love this land, and since that day, Deborah had thought, with a sort of desperate longing, about England. Some day she would go back there, back to the peaceful, ordered, busy life she had known. She dared not tell her mother of her hopes for Mrs. Kent was deep in her work of carrying forward her husband's plans, and would have thought Deborah a slacker.

It was autumn again, and the wind was chilly; those low, gray clouds probably meant snow. Autumn; then winter. Surely no winter would be as terrible as that first one. The houses were better; there was plenty of food. There was game in the forest, fish in the sea; surely they could get along. Then, too, life in the open air, hard work in the fields and

woods, had hardened most of the settlers so they would be better able to resist cold and sickness.

Deborah rose from her rock. She turned slowly toward the little path that led back to the settlement. She raised her eyes, and stood, transfixed with horror. Her way was blocked by one of the largest Indians she had ever seen.

Indians had been one of the most fearful burdens the little colony had borne. There had been days and nights of sheer terror, whispers, fears. But no one had been killed, and there had even been small kindnesses for which the Indians were responsible. But this! Deborah saw herself being carried off through the forest to some terrible heathen death.

She couldn't speak. The Indian came toward her. To Deborah he looked very cruel and menacing. He said something to her—low, guttural words, that meant nothing at all; he motioned her to go with him.

Deborah looked at the quiet little houses, nestling together near the trees. They represented, now, a haven of peace and security. If she might only reach them! But she knew she could not, and so she followed her captor, to what she felt sure would be her death.

On they went, into the forest, Deborah following, into the gloom that was almost blackness. If there were only some way in which she could leave a sign for Robert, for the men of the colony. She had nothing to drop along the way, and she was afraid to try it, even if she could have torn her frock or her cloak.

The way seemed endless to Deborah, but it could not have been very long, for daylight was lingering when they came to a sort of opening in the woods. Here, too, were other homes clustered together—homes made of rude tents, about one central lodge covered with logs and bark. Smoke seeped about this clearing, and over it hung a heavy smell of dried fish.

The Indian led Deborah to the large central house. From it came a sort of wailing sound. Deborah followed, bending her head to enter the low doorway. She stood there a moment, trying to accustom her eyes to the gloom. There was the winking red eye of a tiny fire in one corner. By it she was able to make out a pile of blankets on the floor, on which was tossing a girl, evidently her own age. The girl was ill. Now and then she cried feverishly. Bending over her was a hag-like old squaw, who was muttering incantations and wailing with almost the same breath.

The man pulled Deborah to the edge of the couch. He said something to the old woman, and she retired, grumbling sulkily, to a corner. It came to Deborah what was wanted; the girl was sick. The Indian thought she might be able to help.

Deborah stooped over the cot. She

arranged the covers, tried to make the girl more comfortable. She brought water and with her handkerchief sponged the hot face.

She motioned to the man she had to go. The girl had subsided into sleep, so he led Deborah back through the forest. It was dark when they reached her home, and her mother and Robert were nearly beside themselves with fear.

Deborah led the Indian into the room. "In the name of God, daughter! What is this?" Mrs. Kent cried.

"Mother, it is an Indian who comes to us for help for his sick daughter. He took me to see her this afternoon, but there was little I could do, without medicines and clothes. So I came back to you, to tell you. Perhaps we can help him."

Mrs. Kent was a famous nurse. She was proud of her skill, but she hesitated a moment.

"Dare we go?" she asked. "Who knows but it is a trick? The Indians are clever, I have been told. I fear them, Deborah."

"Ah, Mother, trust in God. Even these savages would not harm us when we go on an errand of mercy."

Robert was left, much to his disgust, at the home of a neighbor, while Deborah and Mrs. Kent loaded with food, clothing and medicine, walked through the blackness of the forest behind their Indian guide.

"He has the eyes of an owl," whispered Mrs. Kent. "In all this dark I can see nothing."

They reached the Indian encampment in safety, and hurried to the sick girl, who was tossing and moaning. Mrs. Kent and Deborah slipped off the heavy buckskin and fur garments the girl wore, bathed the fevered body and helped her into one of Deborah's nightgowns. They gave her a cooling drink, covered her warmly, and sat by her through the long watches of the night. One would sleep while the other watched. The Indian girl slept on, evidently in a heavy stupor.

Mrs. Kent was concerned about her.

"What if she should die?" she whispered to Deborah. "The Indians are strange folk. They would think it our fault, perhaps, and slay us."

"Ah, Mother, courage. She will not die. God is with us."

"Deborah, the spirit of your father speaks in you."

The gray morning light came at last. The Indian girl slept on. Mrs. Kent prepared breakfast for herself and her daughter. The dark-skinned girl awakened once, was given a drink, and slipped back into slumber that seemed more natural.

Toward the close of the afternoon Mrs. Kent leaned over the girl on the bed. She touched her forehead. It was cool, and lightly beaded with drops of perspiration.

"Praise God," she whispered to Deborah. "The fever has broken!"

It had indeed, and there was rejoicing in the smoky lodge. The following day the girl was well enough so that Mrs. Kent could go home. Deborah stayed until evening, and returned every day to be with the Indian girl, whose name was Towanda, and who soon became Deborah's fast friend. The girls taught each other their languages. Soon Towanda was able to speak a broken, halting English, and Deborah was proud of the few words in the Indian tongue that she had mastered.

When Towanda was well enough she came to the white settlement. She marveled at everything—the beds, the chairs, the tables, the cups, the spoons, the bowls. She had a merry way with her, and soon became a favorite. More than that, she became a sort of ambassador and spokesman between the white settlers and the Indians. It was she who delivered the invitation to the Indians to attend the first Thanksgiving day feast, and she who led them to the colony, bearing their gifts of turkeys and venison.

Towanda refused to be seated with the rest of the Indian guests. She insisted on helping Deborah, and the two ran busily about the tables with great pots of potatoes, gravy and heavy platters of meat and turkey. There was much laughter between them, and at last, worn out and weary, they sat down for their own feast.

"What a good time I've had today," smiled Deborah to her mother. "It's as good as Christmas in England—only in a different way, of course. This is good because I begin to feel what father always felt—that it is a beginning; that fine things are to come from this. Perhaps even this rude little feast may be remembered after we are forgotten."

"We no forget," smiled Towanda. "We no forget."

Blessings

By MAUD C. JACKSON

One sunny morning, when Lois was three, She rose very late, and ran in great glee,

To her little high-chair, climbed to her place,

And ordered her breakfast with dainty grace.

"Bread and milk and some Corn Flakes, please,"

She sweetly lisped, as her spoon she seized;

And without her usual thank you "prayer,"

She began eating her wholesome fare.

"Why daughter!" I said. "You astonish me!

"You forgot to thank God for your food, you see."

Soberly into my eyes she looked

And said, "Well, Mother! This isn't cooked."

The Twins Study the Chrysanthemum

By Harriette Wilbur

"WHERE did chrysanthemums begin?" Betty Quigley was watching her mother arrange a great mass of yellow blossoms for the Thanksgiving table at Grandmother Darling's. Her twin, Billy, was also watching, being much interested in whatever seemed to bring those delicious smells from the kitchen into the dining-room, where a fellow could enjoy them with his eyes and his whole "insides" as well as with his nose.

Indeed, it wouldn't have been a complete Thanksgiving dinner had the children found it on the table when they arrived and nothing to do but sit down and eat. Much better to come early, even if not first served, and be on hand to help with "the fixings."

Now, while waiting on the dinner's cooking, it was pleasant to see the florist's boxes being opened, to be allowed to work the shears on strings, papers, stems that were too long, to be asked to fill vases with water and hold bouquets, and even to have the honor of placing the bouquets about the rooms.

"Oh, there are many kinds of chrysanthemums the world over," replied Mrs. Quigley, who looked very pretty in her new red silk gown. "Do you remember the white daisy with the yellow center so common in the fields and pastures last summer?"

"And you said the farmers call it whiteweed," remembered Billy.

"It is also a chrysanthemum," said their mother. "The cultivated plant, no matter what color, came originally from India. Years of cultivation have increased the number of colored ray-flowers several times over."

"Ray-flowers,—they are the blossoms around the edge," nodded Betty.

"And now there are so many of the straps they fill the whole head," added Billy.

"Exactly. They are so crowded on the head that often they take the place of the golden disk flowers the plant once possessed. As you see from our different bouquets, cultivation has produced many sizes, shapes and colors. Now

"The rustic family of ox-eyes claim

A royal cousin, clad in purple and gold,
Pearl, ruby, fleecy colors, such as fold
The circling sun, and with a lofty name."



GOLD FLOWERS

"Lofty! That means high, a high-sounding name?" wondered Billy.

"Royal, like a queen," observed Betty. "Chrysanthemum is queen of autumn, if rose is queen of all flowers," reasoned Betty.

"In Japan chrysanthemum is the royal flower. The design appears in some form on all the garments and other possessions of the emperor's family. In 1877 the royal order of the chrysanthemum was established in Japan, to which only the emperor and the high state officials can belong. Even their flag is designed from the chrysanthemum."

Billy ran to the dictionary, found the page of colored flags, and the emblem of Japan among them.

"Yes, it is a lot of red straps making a spin-around, like a chrysanthemum!"

"You said once, Mother, that *anthe-mum* means flower. Does *chrys* mean Christmas?"

"No, *chryso* is gold, in Greek, Betty."

"Gold flower! It does fit the queen of autumn!"

"But it doesn't fit all chrysanthemums," objected Billy. "We've pink ones, and red, and white, and striped."

He was carefully setting a bowl of the great yellow balls in the center of the big table where in time the family would be enjoying turkey drumsticks and such tasty things as well as the blossoms.

"In its native state," said his mother,

"the flower is golden in the center, like the field daisy, regardless of the color of the ray-flowers. So we must let gold-flower name them all, even the red ones, Billy."

"I will. They're all gold at heart."

"True, Master Wisdom. With the flower, as with people, it is the heart that counts."

As they stood admiring the many bouquets about the rooms, Betty recited a little verse she had learned:

"Welcome in our leafless bower,
Where November's breath has come,
Welcome, golden-hearted flower,
Ever fair chrysanthemum."

"With turkey," murmured Billy.

His mother laughed and patted his shoulder, and invited him and Betty out to see how the bird in the oven was faring.

An invitation which never meets with a "No."

Wonders

By ANNETTE COHEN

The blueness of the sky,
The white clouds strolling by,
A gold and sparkling sun—
I marvel at each one.

Leaves: brown, yellow, red,
A gray, warm smoke o'erhead,
A lake of green-blue hue—
For me they're ever new.

It's What You Give that Counts

By ROSE E. PARMELE

It isn't what you get that counts,
—It's what you give away
That brings the truest happiness,
No matter what folks say.

The more you give of sympathy,
Of joy and kind thoughts, too,
The more of these you'll have yourself;
They'll all come back to you.

Not grudgingly or scantily
Are they returned to you,
But in a measure running o'er,
From loving hearts and true.

For what you give with love and zest
Is multiplied ten-fold
By One who gave the world his best—
Its fruits cannot be told.

Then give the best that in you lies
As this world you go through,
Without a thought of recompense—
The best will come to you.

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

264 KING ST.,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Dear Editor: I certainly enjoy *The Beacon*. Today our Sunday-school teacher, Miss Helen Hacker, gave us next Sunday's paper. We had to look over the whole school, almost, to find today's. It was worth every bit of the trouble, however.

I have just finished writing to Mildred Moen, who asked for a correspondent in today's *Beacon*.

Very sincerely yours,
JEAN MELTON.

241 CRESCENT ST.,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to wear the Beacon Club pin. I go to the Unitarian church. I like to read *The Beacon* very much. My teacher is Mrs. Ferguson. I am seven years old.

Yours truly,
BARBARA DOW.

An Overlooked Advantage

By HILDA RICHMOND

The boys were all doubtful when Charles Kreps was admitted to the Junior football team. They admitted that he was a good player, a fine student and a good fellow, in school-boy parlance, but would he have the time to give to it? The Juniors were to play with some pretty stiff opponents and all were anxious to see their own team win, of course.

"In my opinion our Coach is making a great mistake taking Charles," said Lem Hume with a doleful wag of his head. "Why, I've seen Charles come trotting along almost out of breath to save being late at school. On his grandfather's farm he has innumerable chores that will keep him from practicing as much as he should. It's a gloomy outlook for us, boys."

And it was easy to see that the others shared Lem's opinions. They tramped out to the Kreps farm where Charles lived with his grandfather, and there found him wrestling with the problem of putting the garden in order for the fall season.

"Everybody knows that digging potatoes and husking corn have no bearing

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

145 ELM ST.,
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Dear Editor: I wish to belong to the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and receive *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am nine years old and am in the fifth grade at school.

Yours truly,
LESTER FLOYD.

P.S. My brother Donald, who is six years old, and my sister, Marilyn, five years old, would also like to join the Club.

L. F.

985 GOODRICH AVE.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Dear Editor: I would like very much to join the Beacon Club. I like the papers very much. I am seven years old. I go to Unity Church and Dr. Eliot is our minister. My teacher is Miss Hosford. I am in the third grade.

Yours very truly,
SALLY ABERNETHY.

Puzzlers

Flowers Divided

By LESLIE REESE

1. My *first* sang in a meadow near;
My *second* pains a horse, I fear.
2. My *first* was once pursued by hounds;
My *second* from a belfry sounds.
3. My *first's* a mantle white and cold;
My *second's* very small, I'm told.
4. My *first* gives milk to one and all;
My *second* happens ere you fall.
5. You'll find my *first* is always neat;
In June my *second* smells so sweet.
6. My *first's* fine fur is in demand;
My *second* hides a lady's hand.

Twisted Names of Cities

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. Key-rown | 6. Lanbya |
| 2. Ladals | 7. Patam |
| 3. Velaleend | 8. Koree-till |
| 4. Apkeot | 9. Bulumeos |
| 5. Len-sorwena | 10. Laedihaphilp |

ELEANOR R. MURNEY,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Answers to Puzzlers in No. 6

Double Acrostic. — S a M e
A d A m
N o R a
T h I n
A l A s

Animal Names. — 1. Can gay rue: Kangaroo. 2. Hair: hare. 3. Rab: it: rabbit. 4. Prairie dog. 5. Vampire. 6. Jackall. 7. Sea lion. 8. Mandrill.

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